THE EXPERTS EASILY TELL THE GOOD FROM THE BAD.

Adornment Not the Only Use of Binmonds -Their Wide Employment in the Me-

Nothing in nature is oftener looked for and more easily found than the diamond, and many supposed finds prove disappointments. The fine diamond should be clear and pure as rock water, perfect in shape, and not only pure white, but lively, showing fire, as it is termed. Any undecided tint of brown, yellow, gray, or other color is a positive blemish. The simplest test to identify the diamond is to hold the stone firmly against a wet, rapidly revolving g ind-Cartes for from five to ten minutes. If the mast mark appears upon the piece it is not a diamond, for if it were a diamond, so far from any mark being produced on it, it would be likely, on the other hand, to make a deep impression in the grindstone. The same test may be made with emery paper, or an emery wheel, neither of which, although harder than a grindstone, will make any impression upon

We often hear it said that a number of different stones wal cut glass. The truth is, that only the natural edge of a diamond crystal will cut glass, while many stones, such as the sapphire, ruby, quartz, and even common paste,

Some clamonds exhibit an abnormal degree of hardness, especially some very beautiful black ones from Borneo, which cannot be ground or polished by anything but their own dust, ordinary diamond dust, frequently, hav-ing no effect upon them at all. One of these was made the subject of special experiment by Babinet of Paris, in behalf of the French Academy of Sciences. It showed great resistance to the polishing wheel, and the process of preparing it took a very long while.

A similar experiment was made in this coun-

try in 1885 and 1886 by myself at Messrs Tiffany & Co.'s, New York. The stone here was a round piece of Brazilian bort, with radiated internal structure. It was kept on a polishing wheel made of hard iron with a diameter of one foot for seven and one-half hours a day for nine months, the wheel turning at the rate of 2,500 to 3,000 revolutions per minute, and giving three feet of travelling surface to the stone. The total distance traversed was 170,000 miles, or about seven times the cir

the stone. The total distance traversed was 170,000 miles, or about seven times the circumference of the globe, but the result was the polishing of only about one square centimeter of surface. With an ordinary diamond fully a hundred times as much would have been accomplished.

Diamonds vary widely in hue; the purest are perfectly coloriess and transparent, but they are found in almost every color of the spectrum, the commonest being white, yellow, or brown, yellowish green, bottle green, and rarely rose red, blue, or black. Next to the yellow-greenish, yellow diamonds are the most numerous. The black are very rare, and when the diamond is between the brown and the black, its transparency entirely disappears, or is seen only at the angles.

Perfectly coloriess diamonds come from the mines of India, Brazil, the Cape, and Australia. Perhaps about ten per cent, of the crystals which come into the market are coloriess or of pure white; one-fourth are of fair color, with a flaw or spot of color, and the remainder are off-colored, called second quality, or bywater. Nearly one-half is only bort.

Colored diamonds exhibit their lustre and clearness best when cut, especially the yellow once, which by artificial light are very brilliant. Stones either perfectly coloriess or having decided this of rose-red, green, or blue, are most highly prized. Fine cinnamon and salmon tints, or brown, black, or yellow stones, are also esteemed. If flawless and without tint of any kind, they are termed "first water." If they possess a steely blue color, at times almost opalescent, they are called blue-white. Such are usually Brazilian stones.

Exceptionally perfectsones are termed gems, and for such there is no fixed value, the price depending on their purity, perfection, and brilliancy, freedom from flaws. It is impossible to estimate the value of a diamond by its weight alone, as color, brilliancy, cut, and general perfection must all be taken into account. Of two stones, both flawless and weighing ten carats each, one may be worth \$5

of a few years. The general idea of it is a steel tube of the size desired for the boring, say from one to eight inches in diameter, on the extreme end of which are fastened a number of small pieces of bort. Hy means of suitable machinery this tube is then rotated, pressing against the rock to be penetrated. The result is that the tube rapidly cuts its way into the rock, making a smooth, circular hole; while a rod or core of the rock passes up inside of the advancing tube, and is removed piece by piece as it rises. These cores are often of great value, as exactly showing the kind and thickness of rock traversed in any such working; and drilling in mining and engineering operations is frequently resorted to simply for this purpose. It was due to diamond drills that the Mt. Cenis and other great tunnels were completed in a few years time.

At the great sait deposits of New Iberla, La., the company desired to ascertain the depth of the mass of rock sait, and sank a boring for the purpose. The drill penetrated through 600 feet of sedic sait, the cores furnishing the evidence, and 30,000 feet can be drilled in a perpendicular line.

Tools with diamond edges are used for "true-ing" and grooving the faces of emery wheels and grindstones; for trueing the faces of hardened steel, rubber, porcelain, granite, celinioid, and calendar rolls; for trueing the faces of hardened steel, rubber, porcelain, granite, celinioid, and calendar rolls; for trueing the faces of hardened steel, rubber, porcelain, granite, celinioid, and calendar rolls; for trueing the inside of case-hardened cylinders for gas engines; for cutting all kinds of glass; macking tempered metal, glass, stone, &c. It is easy now to sink artesian wells to far greater depths, and at far less cost than would be possible without the diamond drill.

Another similar application has lately been announced. A thin circular disk of steel several feet in diameter is set with a number of pieces of diamend very easily, and at very smail cost, for a straight blade of fron, wh

cleavings of diamonds put into a metal handle and used for writing on glass and other hard substances.

"Slabs" are thin cleavage plates of diamond that are drilled with minute holes of various sizes and used for drawing fine gold, sliver, brass, and iron wire: a single slab will draw miles of wire. These are now successfully made by D. D. Palmer of Waitham, Mass. Thin "slabs" are drilled by charging a fine iron point with diamond dust, which frequently requires weeks of time.

The name "diamond dust" is applied to the material that falls from two diamonds when rubbed together in the cutting process, or to bort itself when it is crushed, to be used on roft iron wheels for slicing and engraving precious itones, glass, metal, and other substances.

A very curious and interesting fact is the occurrence of diamonds, or, at least, of diamond arbon, in meteoric stones and irons—those visitors to our earth from interplanetary space. Diamond was first discovered in a meteorite at Novo Ureli, Russia, some ten years ago, and in 1891 its presence was recognized in the meteorite found at Cañon Diablo, Arlzona. It was detected by Dr. A. E. Foote, described by Profs. Kosnig and Huntington, analyzed by Friedel, and, finally, its hardness tested by Dr. Huntington and myself. As a conclusive test we subsequently polished two diamonds with the powder taken from the meteorite in the Tiffany cutting exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition in September, 1883.

GEORGE F. KUNZ.

It'S A GREAT COLOR SHOW.

The Autumn Spectacle of the Parks Be youd the Harlem.

Some persons feared that the September would mar the beauty of the autumn foliage. Some of the hickories, which turn brown and curled leaves, as if they had been subjected to the scorching breath of some atmospheric fire. Other trees delayed their autumnal change, and there were prophecies that they, too, would end in the sere, but not the yellow, leaf. The autumn has nobly disappointed these despondent expectations. The variegated glory of the woodlands came slowly at first, but rapidly in the end, so that when suburban folk rose on a recent morning it seemed almost as if the transformation had been made during the darkness of the night from which they had just emerged.

The splendor of the woodlands is now at its

height. There will be some refining, tinting, and shading, but there will hardly be more

some modes of the ballet in the sole of the property of the pr

DIGGING FOR KIDD'S CHEST

A COMPANY WITH \$60,000 CAPITAL ORGANIEED FOR THE WORK AT OAK ISLAND.

An Old Shaft, Into Which Home Confident Treasure Seekers Have Been Burrowing for Above a Century, Is Now to Be Examined Thoroughly.

It seems odd that just at the dawn of the twentieth century a regularly incorporated company with a capital of \$60,000 should be working night and day to recover the buried treasures of Capt. Kidd. Yet that is what the Oak Island Treasure Company is doing at Oak Island in Mahone Bay on the southeast coast of Nova Scotis. A score of men are digwing away under the direction of a superintendent. The company does not claim that the treasure it is striving for was buried necessarily by Capt. Kidd, but that it was buried years ago

Oak Island is scarcely a mile long and perhaps half a mile wide. It rises gradually from the water's edge until near the centre at the highest point, ft is 200 feet above the sea level. There is rather a sparse growth of scrubby oak at the eastern end. The formation of the island is hard clay. The only buildfngs to be seen are an old farmhouse and a little shanty occupied by the superintendent of the works. The "works" comprise three or four pits and a queer rig suggestive of the Southern cotton gin. A horse walks around in a circle harnessed to a pole. This pole con-nects with a primitive windlass. Thus are the barrels of dirt and mud, but so far no money, brought from the pits to the surface. Here s the story of the hidden treasure as told by Adam Tupper, the superintendent:

"Much fiction has been written concerning great sums of money and vast quantities of ewels buried by pirates some 200 years ago somewhere along the Atlantic coast. I deal only with facts as stated by men now living who had a hand in them or as told to them by men now dead. So I claim it can be proved:

"I. That a shaft about thirteen feet in diameter and 100 feet deep was sunk on Oak Island in Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia, before the memory of any now living. "2. That this shaft was connected by an

underground tunnel with the open ocean, about 365 feet distant. "3. That at the bottom of this shaft were placed large wooden boxes in which were precious metals and jewels. "4. That many attempts have been made,

without success, to obtain this treasure. "5. That it is reasonably certain the treasure

is large.
"6. That it is now entirely feasible to thoroughly explore this shaft and recover the treasure still located therein.

"About the close of the last century this part of the country was very sparsely populated, and Oak Island was without an inhabitant. In 1795 three men-Smith, McGinnis, and Vaughn-visited the island, and while rambling over the eastern part of it, came to a spot of which the unusual and strange conditions at once attracted their attention. Vaughn himself, who was only a lad of 16 at this time, subsequently related these facts to Robert Creelman, who still lives at Upper Stewiacke, Nova Scotia, and who was afterward the manager of a company formed to recover the treasure. This spot had every appearance of having been cleared many years before. Red clove and other plants altogether foreign to the soil in its natural state were growing. Near the centre stood a large oak tree with marks and floures on its trunk. One of the lower and larger branches of this, the outer end of which had been sawed off, projected directly over the centre of a deep circular depression in the land about thirteen feet in diameter. These and other signs shortly after led the three men

named to commence work.
"After digging a few feet, they found that

Acadla Iron Works at Londonderry, Nova Scotia, which revolations led the manager to Scotia, which revolations led the manager to get possession of that part of the beland where the treasure is believed to be. But as the whore the treasure is believed to be. But as the whore the treasure is believed to be. But as the west was not resumed until the following summer. 1850, when a new shaft was sunk at the west wide of the 'money pit,' and about ten feet from it. This shaft was 100 feet deep, and was through the hardest kind of red clay. A tunnel was driven from the bottom in the work man the west wide of the 'money pit,' and about ten feet from it. This shaft was 100 feet deep, and was through the hardest kind of red clay. A tunnel was driven from the bottom in the south of the workmen fied for their lives. In twenty minutes there was forty-five feet of water in the new pit, The sole object in view in sinking this shaft was to increase the bailing facilities, for which purpose preparations had been made, and halling was resumed in both the new sind old pits, each being equipped with a good of the work was carried to high a difference being that with the doubled applicances the water could be kept at a lower level difference being that with the doubled applicances the water could be kept at a lower level trose and fell in both shafts about eighteen inches, corresponding with the dides.

"It was considered extremely improbable to the workmen was a triffelal one, having its linlet somewhere on the shore. In support of the theory that the water did not enter the money pit' through a natural channel, it was argued that had it done so the original diggers must have struck it, and, if they did, it is certain that the workmen would have been driven from the form the fact that the workmen would have been driven from the bottom of the shaft, as well as the fact that the workmen were carefully placed in position at the bottom of the shaft, as well as the fact that he off, and allowed the proper shaft was not the search was a compact covering the beach, they came to a covering to be do a brown, fibrous plant

MISS NEW SOLOMON'S DECISION.

untice Done in a Difficult Case Through Knowledge of the Masculine Nature.

The Judge, the renowned Miss New Solomor sat dignified in her seat of honor. Her deci sions were famed the world over for clearness and justice. Great nations submitted their disputes to her for arbitrament and were pleased to learn from her the truth of their positions. That she should sit dignified was, therefore, not to be wondered at, but there was perplexity in her countenance now. There was a case before her the like of which never had been known since her great namesake sat in judgment over two women who contended for a baby. In all her law books, in all her experience, there was no suggestion of precedents

As the matter stood to a casual observer ! was this: Mr. George Wheelking, a beautifully moustached young man, dressed in gray knickerbockers, dark-red sweater, bro in and yellow golfing stockings, and improved wheeling shoes, claimed that he was the sole an bicycle that was in the court for her Honor to look at. But there was another claimant, young man just as beautifully moustached as Mr. Wheelking and quite as handsome other-

blocket that was in the court for her Honor to look at. But there was another claimant, a young man just as beautifully mousteched as Mr. Wheelking and quite as handsome otherwise, who appeared in brown cordurory knick, erbockers, gray sweater, yellow and red golfing stockings and quite as improved shoes. This claimant was Mr. William Bikking.

Neither had witnessee, and so the learned Judge questioned them, and cross-questioned them, but each seemed equally truthful, and the Judge paused monplussed for the first time since she had sat in that high seat. Finally she arose from her chair and ordered the court room seats stacked around the sides. The audience was sent to the galleries, where they waited with breathess interest as the brawny cort. Attendants carried out the Judge's organistic the rail, and only the the awish of the pencils broke the silence as the Judge turned to Mr. wheelking and said:

"Take that wheel, str. and ride the best you know how." And the Judge sat down and busied herself taking the hairpins out of her hair and then putting them back again.

Mr. Wheelking blushed very prettily as he gave his very bagy knickerbockers a twitch and prepared to mount. As gracefully as a bird he rose and settled in the saddle and began to ride. There was not a woman there whose heart did not jump. The men, of course, tried to see a fault, but even they could not help noticing that Mr. Wheelking seemed to it. the wheel exactly. A look fitting across the Judge's face as of a smile was translated the decision was ording in favor of the rider, and she sent out a full report of a decision then and there for the Fake News Association, the standard sensational news gathering organization of the city.

Mr. Wheelking rode divinely in and around the massive pillars, backward, forward, turning all the beautiful figures, and in all the ways that pretty riders know how. The flitter on Judge New Soloman's mouth became a smile. As Mr. Wheelking rode thing of the two graceful operator, and the recipients of the Fake Associ

Velocipedes and Tricycles. There are produced in this country annually about 300,000 boys' metal velocipedes and about 100,000 metal tricycles for girls. There is one establishment in this city that turns out 1.000 velocipedes and 250 tricycles a week. Of these vehicles about 25,000 are exported annually to Australia, South America, and the West Indies, and some 50 to Europe. LAST CAPTURE OF ROME. FIFID DESCRIPTION OF ITS TAKING

RY THE ITALIANS IN 1870.

e Comte Emerte's Souventre Artillery Thundering at the Gates of the Eternal City While the Bells Were Binging Out the Angelus and the Call for Mass, The recent celebration of the anniversary of be entrance of the Italian troops into Rome has induced Le Comte Emeric to publish in the

Figure his notes of the event, taken at the time of the siege. He says:
"I was there, but not as a combatant. was too young then to take a place in the ranks of the defenders of the city; and the diplomatic position occupied at that time by my father, who represented, although a fervent Catholic, Protestant and neutral power, would not permit his son to take an active part in the de-

fence of the cause of the Holy Sec. I was

there, and here are some of the notes taken

down from hour to hour during that mem-

orable day and the following day, which I find now in my notebook of souvenirs. "At about 5 o'clock in the morning there was cannonading; then suddenly we could hear a sparling and ringing fusiliade. Soon everybody was up. The weather was superb. The rising sun gilded the cupola of St. Peter's Rome stood up surrounded by an immense circle of white smoke, which was lined here and there by luminous streaks, the shells of Gen Pixio thrown from the heights of the Villa Pamphili on the Transtevere. On the left of the town toward the gates of St. John, Major, and Pia the batteries of the enemy opened fire. In the Villa Albani eighteen slege guns were thundering. The Italians, or rather the Piedmontese, as they were then called, sur

reunded Rome completely. There were 70,000 of them, and the defenders of the Papacy were only 12,000 or 15,000 at most was valiantly organized. The Pontifical troops, native and foreign, were at their posts full of ardor. The old walls of the Diocletian encefinte, a boor defence indeed, were pierced with loopholes. The old cannons were placed in battery at the Pincio, at Macso, at Saint Croix and at Mont Aventin, and, by Jove, they replied tolerably well to the enemy.

The entire regiment of zouaves, composed principally of Frenchmen. Belgians, and Hollanders, was at the ramparts. As was to be expected, it displayed great valor. Among the men bravery and religious exaltation reached to such a point that they despised the self-the walls, and fought the enemy face to face the walls, and fought the enemy face to face the walls, and fought the enemy face to face the walls, and fought the enemy face to face the walls, and fought the enemy face to face the walls, and fought the enemy face to face the walls, and fought the enemy face to face the walls, and fought the enemy face to face the walls, and fought the enemy face to face the walls, and fought the enemy face to face the walls, and fought the enemy of projectiles. At Fincio also, the favorite and beautiful promenade of the Romans, the builtes were falling like hail. The trees were cut down, and the plants bowed their heads as if in a storm. All the combatants were covered with plaster and mud that fell down in a cascade from the parapets; but the artiliterymen recharged their pieces, notwithstanding, and replied as vigorously as they could to the guns of the enemy.

"Domenico was there encouraging his men by his example and his words. At the Villa Medici, where a great French flag was floating, the commander of the zonavers, let Traussure. Mounted upon a beach, directed the fire of his men, in contempt of the builders, and the face the fire of his men, in contempt of the zonavers, and in the second almost in a stupor. Only a few people appared on the streets of

from the Phota Grom the War Ministry carrying this order from Gen. Ranzier: Cose
firing and raise the white flag. It is the will of
"The troops laid down their arms silently and
in anger. For a moment there was some viclent confusion. The enemy continued to enter
by the breech although the white flag was flying above. The zouaves that surrounded the
Plagate became furious at such conduct, and
endeavored to grad up their arms. But seen,
surrounded an all sides, they were driven toserve the seen of the troops, after leaving the last onceinte, fell back upon the Leonine City and the
Vatican.

"In certain streets, on the arrival of the land
troops the people extended their hands to
them and women wept. Poveri Glovanni,
they exclaimed in tender accesses, But in other
while stones were thrown and the blinds
while stones were thrown the stones while
flag in the blinds while stones were thrown and the blinds
while stones were thrown the stones
while flag in the streets of the streets of the streets
while flag in the streets in which were personal
the streets in which were personal diplomats, who
during all the morning remained with the
Pope in the Vatican, and were now going to the
Hallan headquarters in order to obtain an honorable capitulation and all the advantages possible for their comparators and solitiers. While
great and the streets
while stones while shade the collaboration was
sible

be explained in this way: The southern people are all impression and sensation. Joy with them is contactous. They become excited by movement, by shouts, and by the smilght. The Latin races, if the sky is pure and the atmosphere readiant, are bound to cheer semebody or something, and all that without changing their real convictions in the slightest degree.

"On the morning of the 21st we awoke with said hearts and a heavy weight of discouragement on our shoulders. All that fine little army was a prisoner, and a prisoner without laving fought as it desired. The heroes of Castelidardo could at least die, said Adelbert to me, but we have to give un our arms. What a sacrifice! It is the most cruel that the Pope could pessibly exact from his army! At 6 o'clock there was a tremendous clamor. It was Pius IX., who appeared at the balcony to look for the last time upon his faithful troops and to bless those who only hoped to die for him. At that moment all hearts were electrified. My children, said Col. Allet. let us all cry "Long live the Pope! long live our King!" The shouts were given with a will, and fell resoundingly upon the ears of the dethroned sovereign, who looked down upon his troops in sadness. The entire army was uppelutating and furious. 'Oh, if they could only break that capitulation,' shouted the soldiers of latting the small presenting arms. The souwer bedders the fall in. This was the final martyrdom. They were bound to deflie before the enemy and lay down their arms. Outside of the Cavallegieri gate the troops deflied slowly before the Italians, presenting arms. The zouwer remained self-possessed and silent, but a few of the foreign legion less discolined insulted the soldiers. Finally the arms were laid down in a head, and over them were thrown the fings of white slik which enveloped them like a stroud. It was all over; the Pontifical army was no more."

CIGARS AND THE WAR IN CUBA. No Advance in the Price of Tobacco Ex-

Notwithstanding assertions to the contrary it is not believed by well-informed persons that the insurrection in Cuba will cause a rise in the price of tobacco and cigars, at least for s year or two. While the year 1894 showed a decrease of about 2,000 bales in the importa-tions of leaf tobacco from Havana, owing to the duliness of trade here, the imports up to date show an increase of nearly 60,000 bales of the finer grades of cigar tobacco, or about 33 per cent. It is well known also, that numbers of the largest firms have great stocks of lenf tobacco stored at Havana ready for shipment at a few hours' notice, should the city be threatened by the revolutionists. The last reports from Havana were to the effect that all the available freight space on the regular steamships had been engaged for tobacco for two weeks ahead, a thing never heard of before in the history of the island, and also that the great bulk of the matured crop was now safe n the hands of the Havana warehousemen. The tobacco used in seed and Havana cigars is alled Remedios, and it is estimated that the stock already in this country is sufficient for at least three years' demand. The reports that he recent storms destroyed the seed beds of the young tobacco plants in the Vuelta Abajo and Partidos districts seem to have been exaggerated. Probably 50 per cent, of the seed beds have been washed away, but the farmers have already applied to the Government for new seed, which will be planted at once, and the result will be a slightly later harvest next

season from a soil fertilized by the otsam and jetsam of the flood.

Five-cent cigars are made to-day from clear seed, which means tobacco grown on American soil, principally be Pennsylvania. Ohio. Wischese days. Florida. From the last the comes indications that if the home product increases in quality for the next ten years as it has in the past ten it will be very hard to beat even in Cuba. It is said to be used largely already by firms professing to make only clear Havana cigars. One of the leading firms of New York cigar manufacturers. a firm that once made over 70.000,000 cigars in a single year. has for some time openly expressed the opinions of the seed of the product was the coming cigar to the Florida product was the coming cigar to the product was the coming cigar to the product of the product was the coming cigar to the product of the product was the coming cigar to the product was the coming cigar to the product of the product was the coming cigar to the product of the product was the coming cigar to the product of the product was the coming cigar to the product was a product was the produ

BIDDY'S CLOTHES-PIN LEG. An Interesting Demonstration Concerning Heredity in the Ovipara. From the Punzautawney Spirit.

"If there is one thing I despise more than nother," remarked a gentleman the other day, "it is a man who does not regard the truth with sacred awe. I notice that the local papers are full of big egg, big pumpkin, and other stories of that sort the have little real merit in them, and I fear that some of them do not even have the redeeming virtue of being strictly true. I believe they are exaggerated. Now I have a atory for you that is not only a good one, but it

story for you that is not only a good one, but it is true. What does a story amount to if it is not true? Any fool can make up a lie. I hate a liar. Hiere is my story:

"I was down in Indiana county the other day and stopped at a farm house for dinner. After dinner I sat down on the porch to take a smoke. I saw an old hen hobbling about in a very awkward way, and I said to the farmer's wife.

"Madam, what is the matter with that hen?" That hen, said she, is lame. It has an artificial leg."

"Oh, It has, has it?"

"Yes. You know there was some very cold weather last winter, and one night the hen froze her leg off. I pitted her. I nursed her and doctored her up, and she finally got well. But ahe couldn't walk on one leg. So I just stuck a clothes pin on the stump of her leg, tied a string around it to hald it on, and she does very well with it."

"Well, well, I said, 'if that inn't strange."

JUDGE, MAJORAND WHOOPS

HE FIGHT FOR THE SENATE IN THE THIRTKENTH DISTRICT.

Ex. Police dustice Martin Now in the Lead
- Major Bogan Hastling Mr. Sexton's
Claims to Fame Mr. Hoops's Chances,

There is a lively canvass and very little apathy in the Thirteenth Senatorial district, where there are three Democratic candidates in the field for the honor of a three years' term in the upper House in Albany, with the Tammany nominee far in advance and several heads in advance of the Republican. Whether this condition of affairs will continue until election day depends rather more upon them easure of strength developed by the two outside Democratic candidates than on the ability of the Re-publican to gain recruits. The Tammany Demscratic candidate for Senator is ex-Police Justice Bernard F. Martin, whose knowledge of the Thirteenth Senatorial district and its political conditions was not acquired from study of a map or perusal of the reminiscences of statesmen once illustrious in it. In 1882 Mr. Martin was one of the Democratic nominees in the Fifth Aldermanic district, which included almost the identical territory now covered by the Thirteenth Senatorial. His Democratic opponent -it was in the days of minority representation in the Aldermanic Board-was Nicholas Healey. the West street truckman. The battle between the two was close, and this was the result of the poll: Martin, 6,033; Healey, 6,628. The year following Alderman Martin ran on the Demperatic ticket with Grover Cleveland-Cleveland was running for Governor and Martin for Coroner-and was elected. He served as Coroper for three years, and the result of the assoclation with Mr. Cleveland was that at the conclusion of his term as Coroner Martin became Under Sheriff. Mr. Cleveland had been Sheriff of Erie county some years before. Afterward Mr. Martin was Commissioner of Jurors and then a Police Justice, an office which he held up to a short time ago, when the Legislature turned out of office with more vigor than con-ciliation all the Police Justices. Since July 1 Mr. Martin has been a private citizen, but his riands believe that he will be a legislator after 1. He is the Tammany Hall candidate. and has the solld and substantial support of all

or nearly all the Tammany men in the district. The most formidable of the Democratic adversaries of Mr. Martin is a Democrat well known in the lower part of the district as "the Major." This Major is Thomas Bogan, who was born at Belfast, Ireland, July 28, 1833, was educated in the New York public schools. and was formerly a stevedore. He enlisted as a private in the Fifteenth New York Volunteers in April, 1861; was promoted Captain May 9, 1861, and Major in 1863, and participated in many of the engagements from Bull Run to Chancellorsville. He was elected a member of Assembly in 1878, defeating "Thunderbolt"

in many of the engagements from Bull Run to Chancellorsville. He was elected a member of Assembly in 1878, defeating "Thunderboit" Michael Norton. In 1880 Major Bogan was a candidate for the Assembly for a second time successfully, and in 1881 he ran for the third time, and was again successful. He is a plethoric man who wears at all times, during business hours, a light tan overcast, and carries usually a heavy rane as an aid to the elucidation of such complex and abstruse political problems as come up for settlement on Washmeton street late at night.

The third of the Democratic nominees for Senator in the Thirteenth district is a gentleman whose acquaintance with its affairs is much less intimate than that of either Martin or Bogan—the Judge or the Major. They know the ground thoroughly; he doesn't. His name is Lawrence E. Sexton, and about the only thing known of him in the district is that he lives on Washington square, East. He is a member of the following clubs, the membership of which along the Hudson River front is very slight: University Club, Bar Association (legal bar), Harvard Club, Reform Club, and University Athletic Club. His particular political distinction is due to the fact that he is said to be the only man in the Senatorial district who votes exactly as Charles S. Fairchild does—when Fairchild votes. In other words, he is ex-Secretary Fairchild's political follower, a circumstance which might be sufficient to fill the measure of some modest men's aspirations, but may not be sufficient to procure Mr. Sexton a large vote in the district, and some of the past political fights which have been made in it have turned out to be gignatic surprises. One of these was the sensational and almost successful canvass of Iceman Charles Turner, who ran against the millionaire, Lisoenard Stewart. Two years later Gen. McMahon, now one of the Democratic candidates for Judge of the Court of General Sessions, turned the tables on Stewart and defeated him without great effort. With three Democratic candidates for

district on the reform tide and found himself, almost before he knew it, a tribune of the people and one of their chosen representatives in Albany. He signalized his political good fortune by forthwith presenting to the cosideration of the Assembly ali the measures which, by reason of their jocoso or objectionable character, other legislators would have nothing to do with. But that was not all that he presented, for during his tenure there were frequent presentations by Hoops of candy from the Bowery candy store, and many an up-State, rural Republican who had heard of political taffy before without seeing it got a kindergarter lesson in what taffy is—taffy in brown paper furnished by Hoops.

Among the politicians in the district it is not seriously believed that Mr. Hoops is in the race to win. Whatever the notion of the Republican leaders may have been, it is undenably a fact that many Republicans will vote for Mr. Martin and many other Republicans will vote for Major Bogan. So that the presence of three Democratic candidates in a Senatorial district ordinarily doubtful is likely to furnish only another illustration of the truth embodied in Gov. Tilden's famous remark on the subject of Democratic factional differences, "The more cats, the more kittens." Meanwhile there is a very lively hustling going on by the friends of Martin, Hoops, and Bogan in the Thirteenth Senatorial district, while the friends of Sexion, the State Democracy candidate, and the martisans of the Prohibition and Populist nominees are by no means kile.

SAVED HIS BOOTS.

The Constant Watchfolness of a Rhode Islander a a Steeping Car. From the Providence Journal.

When the midnight mail train for New York eft the Union Depot one night last week one of the passengers was a long, leau man, with an abundant growth of chin whiskers, a smooth upper lip, and an air of suspicion. He was evidently from the back districts, and it was ap-

abundant growth of chin whiskers, a smooth upper lib, and an air of suspicion. He was evidently from the back districts, and it was apparent by his manner that he had never before travelled in a sleeping car.

Although the Providence sleeper was waiting on a siding, where he could easily have reached it and retired for the night long before the train started, he either did not know this, or cless though that by some mischance the railroad men might forget to attach the sleeper.

"I ain't goin' to take no chances," he said. "I've got ter be in N' York to-morror, or cless ye wouldn't see me givin' up no sech sum es they charged me fer passage on this train. I missed there boat. Didn't get here in time."

There he sat on one of the setties in the corner, dowing off at intervals, and waking up to make a frantic grab at his bag, held securely between his feet for fear that some one might steal it. At last the train came from Boston, the sleeper was attached, and, after getting on the wrong car, he finally reached his berth.

After leaving Providence the lights in the car were turned down, and the porter started to collect the shoes of the passengers for the purpose of blacking them. The old man had evidently been warned of the dangers of travelling, and he was on the lookout for confidence men and he was on the lookout for confidence men and sneak thieves of all kinds. Nothing could be heard in the car except the rumble of the train and the shores of the sleepors, but when the porter reached under the 'i'd man's berth and pulled out a pair of boots much hin need of cleaning there was an awakenine. A head was thrust out of the curtain and the porter was greeted with.

"Put them right down, now. Put them boots back. I was watchin' ye and jist waitin' ter see of yer would try ter steal 'em. You put them boots back. I his hand on them the head came out again, archen, but I didn't think they'd steal a man's boons." The porter was wise, and he put the boots back, thinking that the old man would go to sleep and give him an

clothes pin on the stump of her leg. Hed a string around it to hold it on, and she does very well with it.

"Well, well, I said, "if that isn't strange?"

"Yea," replied the good lady, with a smile, but that isn't the strange part of it."

"No, indeed! The strange part of it happened afterward, and one would scarcely believe it if one hadn't seen it with one's own eyes. This apring that her with the clothes-pin leg wanted to hatch. I didn't think she could. "Fraid she'd break the eggs with her stump. But I kind o' pitied her, 'cause she was a cripple, and I put thirteen eggs under her. She stuck right to her hushess for three weeks and never broke an egg-hatchesi out evers chicken.

"No," replied the woman. 'that was not so very odd, but that isn't it. The funny part of it was that every one of those little chickens had a wooden les it."

It is not not not be sleepln' cars was a gang or robsers, but I didn't think they'd sheal a man's boots."

The porter was wise, and he put the boots sack, trinking that the old man would go to else y and give him an opportunity to clean them. He went back to the lower end of the sleep and give him an opportunity to clean them. He went back to the lower end of the sleep and give him an opportunity to clean them. He went back to the lower end of the sleep and give him an opportunity to clean them. He went back to the lower end of the sleep and give him an opportunity to clean them. He went back to the lower end of the sleep and give him an opportunity to clean them. He went back to the lower end of the sleep and give him an opportunity to clean them. He went back to the lower end of the sleep and give him an opportunity to clean them. He went back to the lower end of the sleep and give him an opportunity to clean them. He went back to the lower end of the sleep and give him an opportunity to clean them. He went back to the lower end of the sleep and give him an opportunity to clean them. He went back to the lower end of the control them. It was a control them. The new that the b